

MRS. WILSON IS IN FAVOR OF AN EARLY BREAKFAST

And Gives Some Delicious Dishes That Tempt the Appetite and Are Easy to Prepare in a Short Time—Try Cheese Toast

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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COLD winter mornings, the kitchen can really be made warm and cozy, and give many of the most delicious and appetizing breakfast dishes in a short time.

For a simple morning meal, prepare the fruit the night before and have the oatmeal ready to serve before making it in the morning.

The oatmeal should be prepared the night before and the fruit should be prepared in the morning.

There is an old maxim that he who is ten minutes late in the morning will surely be an hour late in the evening.

Let us go back to the good old days when people were satisfied to rise early enough so that the entire family could sit down together for the first meal of the day.

This not only starts the digestive system off to their daily work, but it also gives the housewife an extra hour which may be used to a real advantage in planning the daily tasks.

Here are some simple breakfast dishes.

Salt Macaroni. Soak the macaroni overnight and cut into pieces and place in a hot water bath.

Vegetable Omelet. Prepare the vegetables the day before and use them in the morning.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Captain MacLean and Miss Gail

By WILLIAM R. COWLES

With a casual glance at the couple in the rear, which took in the flashing good looks of the woman and up-to-date cut of the man's suit, Vincent MacLean thrust his companion's things into the trunk.

"Well, here he is," he remarked lightly, looking at Vincent upon the girl's pure profile.

"I'm glad to see you," Vincent said, as he stepped out of the car.

"Well, pretty good," Vincent said, "but I don't see how you can be so happy."

"I'm perfectly satisfied," Vincent said, "but I don't see how you can be so happy."

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Potato waffles are delicious if served with delicately browned strips of bacon.

Potato Waffles. Place in a bowl: Two cups of flour, One teaspoon of salt, Four or five teaspoons of baking powder.

Country Pock With Cream Gravy. This is an old-time breakfast dish. It is made by cooking a country pock in a stew about a quarter inch in the pan.

Scrambled Eggs With Salt Pork. Salt pork, country pork or the fat from the lard can be used.

Cheese Toast. Prepare large slices of toast for each person. Now place in a saucepan one and one-half cups of milk.

WHAT'S WHAT By HELEN DECIE. We are a girl and a boy, both nineteen years of age, and am going to business college.

PLEASE TELL ME What to Do By CYNTHIA. Dear Cynthia—I am a girl eighteen years of age, and am going to business college.

LETTER WAS ANSWERED. Dear Cynthia—We wrote to you about a week ago, and although you published our letter you did not answer it.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE. What to Call the Club. Dear Madam—Would you kindly send me some names for a club of boys and girls?

TALK TO FRENCH CONSUL. Dear Cynthia—in what manner may a young man who is punctiliously to be told that he may replace his suit when he has removed it?

HOW TO MAKE LAMPshade. Dear Madam—I would like to make a shade for an electric lamp from silk.

HAS NOT ACQUIRED A LINE. Dear Cynthia—I am a girl who is interested in reading and my friends and an always well-dressed.

AN AUTOMOBILE TOP. Here is a good method for mending a torn automobile top. Sew the torn edges of the top together with stout thread.

USE YOUR LEFTOVERS



This isn't a leftover. It's a perfectly new dress of crepe silk, with a bit of white of the same material as the collar and the slim cuffs.

Please Tell Me What to Do

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PROMOTING THE GIRLS KEEPS THEM FROM MARRYING

According to a City Official, Who Urges This as a Means of Retaining Services—Are They Really So Business-like About Marriage?

AN OFFICIAL, in one of the largest cities of these United States, of ours, pleaded a strange plea before a meeting of the executive committee of his city council.

He urged the promotion of girl stenographers in order to keep them from marrying, and to retain their services.

The other members of the council wanted to know whether he really believed that promoting a girl one rank would keep her from marrying.

"Absolutely," he replied, with decision and firmness. "The increased pay makes her independent, and there is consequently no need for her to get married."

NO DOUBT there are some girls who marry simply in order to be taken care of without working in an office.

But are they the majority? Are there enough of them to make this the principal reason for which business women marry?

This seems like a very practical, businesslike idea of marriage; just an arrangement in which a woman's need of support and a home is supplied.

Love doesn't seem to enter into this man's conception of the affair at all; the stenographer, without promotion, merely says, "Here, I haven't enough money. I'll have to get married," and she gets married.

But, if she were promoted she would say, "Why, I don't have to get married—I have enough money without it."

They don't marry men, apparently; they marry the bushes on which money grows.

Do stenographers—or any other girls—really behave this way? Do they insist on romance and snub love as imperiously as all this?

"GIVEN students," declared a news note recently, "are going to invade the sacred domain of women—they are going to learn how to cook."

It went on to tell how the course will be started in February at a certain college, and will be known as "domestic science 101—cooking for men."

The men are to have a one-hour lecture and three hours a week practice in the cooking laboratory, just as the "women" at this college do.

Perhaps this promotion of the girls to keep them from finding it necessary to marry has made the men decide that they had better find a reason of their own.

And surely, if they are as businesslike about marriage as this city official represents the stenographers to be, they couldn't find a much better reason than the ability to cook.

If they can cook their own meals, they won't have to get married; they will be as independent as the girls with their increased salaries.

IT IS doubtful whether the men have gone into the course with this idea. It is wonder whether the stenographers have considered their promotions in this light?

One seems as unique as the other as a reason for not marrying.

They were about to be married when she found that he had lied to her about his job, about his income, about his religion. And another broken engagement was entered under "Attempted Camouflage."

Recently we heard of the suicide of a girl of wealth and culture who avowed that she would not live for the papers attributed this throwing away her life to her discovery of deceptions practiced upon her by the man she loved.

Yet they say, "All is fair in love" is it? Originally this saying was intended to refer to rivals in love and the means employed by each to vanquish. Even in this connection it was rarely borne out to a happy conclusion.

A victory gained by untruth and guile, obviously, would hardly be productive of lasting joy.

How could it be? How can a structure of happiness stay firm and strong any steady that is founded on the quicksand of deceit?

But to attempt directly to deceive about one's self the object of one's affections? To stack the cards in the most serious game on earth? Surely if honesty is the best policy in ordinary things, how essential, how vital, is absolute truth and candor when there is at stake the happiness of two people.

Aside from the ordinary considerations of decency and honor, how hopeless, how impractical here is any line of cheating or masquerade. For it is sure to be found out, if not before marriage, then after. And when then? How can a man or woman continue to trust, and trust is essential to love and happiness, one who has shown himself or herself unscrupulous in the biggest of all questions? Even when the thing that was lied about is not in itself crucial, the deception is.

I knew a woman of good family who early in life was thrown on her own resources, and at the time her future husband came upon the scene held a position as nursery governess.

She spun him an elaborate yarn about the wealthy aunt who had adopted her and about the time her future husband spent her time with her mother, and permitted him to marry her under this delusion. I shall never forget the way he told me about the first

time he asked her to play at the piano in the home he had made for her.

"She told me," he replied, "that that was not the kind of a piano her aunt had."

Of course, the marriage ended in disaster. Not because the young man had married her for her aunt or her money. Indeed, he could not understand why she had found it necessary to pull the wool over his eyes.

"What difference," he said, "would it have made to me?"

But it was his outraged trust, his shattered faith, that stood between him and happiness. Her early promise might have been understandable, her little deception forgiven, but she could not come out with it before marrying him.

The Bard notwithstanding, if there is one thing where the absolute truth alone is fair, it is love and marriage.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES By JEAN NEWTON

"All Is Fair"—? They were about to be married when she found that he had lied to her about his job, about his income, about his religion.

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THINGS YOU'LL LOVE TO MAKE Turn the Short into the Long

The short sleeve no longer holds first place. But here is a way to turn that short sleeve into an attractive and charming long one.

Cut out a piece of fabric the width of the sleeve, into two and one-half inch pieces. Sew one end of each piece to the inside of the sleeve at intervals of one inch.

String a small bead (painted wooden ones are pretty) on to each of the ends of the thread that hold the beads. Fasten the beads on the inside of the sleeve, and permit them to marry her under this delusion. I shall never forget the way he told me about the first



Little Jack Horner and Bond Bread

NAMES of kings and emperors die, but little Jack Horner goes on and on. And why? Because mothers know that Mother Goose is wholesome mental food for boys and girls.

MOTHERS helped design it, sending their own wholesome, homemade loaves as a pattern and a standard. They have learned to look for our Bond on the wax paper on each loaf, guaranteeing the health-giving purity of every ingredient.

FROM this Bond, Bond Bread takes its name. In home after home, boys and girls—and little Jack Horner—and good Bond Bread—finish the day, and tumble away into dream-land together.



Kolb Bakery Company